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For here too we find the same type of universal assertion to which exception is taken. When we find Bosanquet agreeing with Schopenhauer that "the world is my idea," defining judgment as the attribution of a content to reality, regarded as an intellectual construct, or saying that the world is in the mind rather than the mind in the world, we are in the presence of philosophy which distinctly involves assertions about all knowledge or all propositions. We see the same thing in the hysteron proteron argument with which T. H. Green opens the *Prolegomena to Ethics*, which is highly characteristic of this school, and which once more commits philosophy to assertions about the whole of knowledge. And since this philosophy at the same time insists upon the formal, or better the discursive character of all experience, we have vicious circle fallacies appearing at the very center of the system, which in spite of their formal character can not be ignored, because the system itself necessarily has its formal aspect.

In summing up, it is clear that this criticism has more than a merely historical interest. Many elements in the Kantian discussions have passed into the common stock of philosophical ideas, and the influence of the Critical Philosophy, whether direct or indirect, is apparent in almost all later speculation. Thus any far-reaching criticism of Kant is of high systematic interest, and without taking the matter up in detail it may be noted that three important points arise immediately from what has been said. First the Critical Philosophy, with its notion of a whole of analytic-synthetic experience, is based upon a reflexive fallacy from which there is no escape. Second, the only philosophy which can speak of the whole of experience without such a contradiction being created is that philosophy which abandons the entire notion of a logical element in all valid knowledge, that is to say, pure Intuitionism. And third, this logical difficulty is not encountered by Phenomenology, which can and presumably must limit itself to the inspection of various types or species of experience in detail. What the issue of this last adventure will be, only the event can decide.

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REVIEWS AND ABSTRACTS OF LITERATURE

The Present Conflict of Ideals: A Study of the Philosophical Background of the War. RALPH BARTON PERRY. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1918. Pp. xiii + 549.

The obvious thing to say about Perry's volume is that it is made up of two books. Chapters I.-XXV. (380 pp.) constitute a perspective of ante-bellum philosophies and philosophical tendencies

which is affected by the fact of the war in only a faintly incidental fashion. Chapters XXVI.—XXXV., beginning with “The Philosophy of Nationality” and following with discussions of German, French, English and American philosophical expressions, are war-inspired and form a consistent and unified treatise. From Perry’s introduction I assume that this broken-backed effect is not due to intention. There he says—and the saying is a wise one—that “the age after the war will be a new age; not so much because the map of Europe will be changed, but rather because the map of the human mind will be changed;” and he goes on to outline his purpose: “I should like to be able to construct a world-map of convictions, creeds, ideas, like the maps which the ethnologists make showing the distribution of racial types in Europe; or like the maps economists make to show the distribution of the corn-crop. I should like to make a map with intellectual and moral meridians, with degrees of latitude, trade-routes of thought, and great capitals of faith.” This reads well, and one regrets that the author did not keep such a project clear in the eye in planning his book—which certainly most fumblingly answers such intention. The cause of the fumbling is revealed in the preface where we are told that the order of the first part of the book follows that of *Present Philosophical Tendencies* so that “the two books may be used together.” This is rather dismal: a man may surely be allowed to forget his folio’d past, however discreet, and be thankful to the reader who, in such an hour as ours, will pay attention to the book in hand.

But, reviewer’s privilege though it be, it is ungracious to find fault with the manner in which a service is performed if the service be a real one; and a real service, it is a pleasure to say, Professor Perry has rendered. For in whatever projection it be drawn, a map of contemporary speculation is bound to be full of suggested excursions and tarryings, tours among books and adventures with ideas, provided the map-maker be, as is Perry, gifted with an entire curiosity and provided with voluminous information. Indeed, it will be an inattentive reader who will not margin the pages of *The Present Conflict* with notes and point them with interrogations—and this, surely, in philosophy means a successful book.

In what I must inescapably call Part I. of the book (though it has no such typographical demarcation) the projection employed is, quite pardonably, the neo-realist. Materialism, socialism, evolutionism, panpsychism, optimism, absolutism, pluralism, pragmatism, vitalism, and a score of other contagions of the mind (why weren’t they all called *-itis*, I wonder?) are passed in more or less hapless review before at last there rolls into sight the triumphal car of the New Realism, moving forward with a snap and a click and the

glitter of finality. The key-idea (something between a principle and a crotchet) which gives a really fine consistency to this part of the book is the author's notion of a warfare between faith and science. Thus: "Science is no respecter of persons. Its task is to reveal the common clay, the identical mechanism, the general forces, which underlie the superficial pageantry of life" (p. 103); "Although in some cases science has seemed to reinstate and confirm the traditional moral code it has invariably [so 'tis writ! *'invariably'!*] discredited the metaphysical and religious foundations on which that code is ordinarily supposed to rest" (p. 173); "It is possible to use pragmatism simply for the purpose of getting rid of the menace of science, and then to restore to the old authorities the claims which they enjoyed before the modern scientific movement discredited them" (p. 298); "Bergsonism, like idealism in the last century, has gained miscellaneous adherents who have been driven into its camp by the common fear of materialism. There is always an army of such refugees ready to accept the leadership of any champion who at the time promises to save them from this formidable menace" (p. 348). And finally: "The realist assumes that philosophy is a kind of knowledge, and neither a song nor a prayer nor a dream" (p. 368). Yes, the theme moves forward with the sweep of a crescendo, and terminates, as I have suggested, with a fine eclat. And yet—

Why will these beastly qualifications everlastingly intrude to stem the tide of our admirations! It is nothing to me that in punishing his opponents Perry takes every advantage that the bias of epithet can give (though I do own some curiosity as to just how that particular bias is to be eventually logicastered); epithet is good *ad hominem*: "let the galled jade wince!" Nor am I disturbed by the fact that his openness of mind and the fullness of the display of his properties seem to have something of the same candor that marks the prestidigitateur opening his performance with an appeal to public inspection; for, after all, this is rather flattering to the reader, and it has the further advantage of relieving one from the assumption of an impossible naïveté on the part of an author who can first reproach Bergson with "the discipleship of every man with an intuition," and then go gravely on to expound Bergsonism *quâ* system. These are mere incidents of the descent into controversial style, which no author need disclaim and no reader need resent. But there is an aspect of the matter, and not wholly remote from these just mentioned, which gives me pause.

No one can mistake the entire sincerity with which Professor Perry expresses his adherence to democratic principles, of which he shows in his final chapters in particular a most admirable under-

standing; nor can one doubt the sincerity of his belief that the New Realism sustains democracy. And yet—the qualification recurs—his whole point of view is obviously that of an intellectual aristocrat, whose aristocracy, moreover, is no accidental attribute of his intellectualism. I do not think that I mistake in putting the author in the ranks of those who “incline to accept a double religion: for the enlightened the disillusioned exercise of reason and imagination; for the vulgar such wholesome illusions as the enlightened shall select for them” (p. 44); and no one can miss the aristocratic animus on pp. 294 f.: “The Intellect is regarded by many as unpleasantly exclusive and undemocratic. It refuses to let everybody in. Intellectualism reserves knowledge for specially qualified persons.” *Etc., etc.* The truth in this is not particularly damaging to democracy in philosophies which recognize other types of value than the intellectualistic; but for a philosophy which professes to be wholly rationalistic, it leads directly to that conceit of superiority in which no democracy can thrive: and it is no departure from caution to say that the most of Professor Perry’s discourse moves in an atmosphere of conscious class-superiority. Of course this is not a sin of morality; it is the perfectly legitimate consequence of an hypertrophied intellectualism; but when it is accompanied by a profession obviously sincere of a belief in democracy, and by an understanding obviously sound of what democracy stands for, then it becomes a sin of the intellect—or, at least, a psychological puzzle.

It is this last which I have accepted. After all, *Deo gratias!* philosophers are men; and utter consistency, making a machine of him, would spoil any man’s charm. Perry has far too much both of charm and sense to be less than human. Being human and right-mindedly American, he is a democrat, and he twists his intellectualism to the support of his ideals with as brave a will to believe as any disciple of James ought to have. Of course he is not conscious of this (quick though he is to see the twist of desire in others). Why? Who knows! In the brief editorial preface to the striking recent number of the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale*, commemorating the fourth centenary of the Reform, a keen Gallic apothegm caught my eye, “*Un philosophe, au fond de son coeur, reste toujours un peu théologien.*” Perhaps this is in part the explanation of Professor Perry’s psychology. For I suspect him of sternly Puritan and grimly Calvinistic ancestry, and the stock does not readily deteriorate.

By all the rules of letters my review is done, but I am tempted none the less to add a codicil to my judgment, touching the crux of Realistic philosophy (*Neo-brand*) and therefore the core of the

Realists' psychology. The crux (as they themselves express it) is the "externality of relations" theory. Now this theory is obviously true in so far as it amounts to the assertion that there are describable objects in the world—that A is A, a spade a spade, and euphemism the worst form of lying. As Aristotle remarks, if he is to reason at all a man must say something which is significant both to himself and another—a truth which Perry quite happily generalizes: "Human intercourse is based upon the fact that *normally* human professions can be taken at their face value" (p. 15). But the Realists do not stop here; they go on to talk about "independence" and "indifference," meaning, as I gather, that the cosmic politics and manners of *entia* (for 'tis to politics and manners that the terms apply) are marked by these traits; and they infer therefrom the itemization of knowledge ("knowing as we go," Perry puts it) and the compartmental seclusion of truths. It is perfectly evident that this notion goes by the board when the affairs of morals are the concern. Of independence, taken in its humane sense, Perry says (with entire justice): "The cause of liberty is saved neither by those who break it down nor by those who exalt it, but by those who limit its action and use it well" (p. 519); and again he justly says: "The surest guide of conduct is the happiness and well-being of sentient humanity" (p. 536). In other words, *law*, which expresses dependence, and *humanity*, conceived as a consensient collectivity, are the normal frames of moral reasoning. There is no possibility of "independence" or "indifference" or of "knowing as you go" here; the best you can do is to experiment with imperfection, and experiment socially, in collaboration. Perry remarks, *in re* Bergson (p. 348) that the morals of Bergson's philosophy are yet to write; the same is true of the New Realism: the moral code which the Realists profess belongs to the individuals—through Calvinist ancestry, or what not—rather than to any cogency of rational relationship. One feels, indeed, that Realism has "externalized" morals out of all relation to the intellect, as it knows the intellect—and that means that it misses being alive. It is, in fact, but a closet philosophy; it never looks nature full in the face, but, having had its origin in a concern about method, it can not get out into the reality it covets. Naturalism it never is and can not even define ("by naturalism I mean such philosophy as grows directly out of the methods or results of the physical sciences," says Perry [p. 7]); and it reasons smoothly only in the chiaroscuro of a half-closed apartment or of a sedate club corner—as if deprecating the light like Malebranche's Théodore: "But draw the curtains. The full light of day would incommode us, and give perhaps a too great brightness to certain objects. . . ."